

The Mirror

OF

LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION.

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SATURDAY, JANUARY 25, 1834.

[PRICE 2d.]

Illustrations of Scott:

KENILWORTH.



THE INN AT CUMNOR.

CUMNOR is a small, neat village, on the borders of Berkshire, about five miles from Abingdon, and within three or four of Oxford. The immediate neighbourhood has little to interest the traveller. The entrance to the village on the Abingdon side is rather picturesque: the church on one hand, and the parsonage-house nestled among the trees on the other, are the first objects which attract attention. Next, on the latter side, stands "the Bear and Ragged Staff," the "bonny Black Bear," where lies scene i. chap. i. of *Kenilworth*. The present landlord has his name duly announced on the sign-board, with the addition of "late Giles Gosling." Adjoining the church, on the opposite side, stood Cumnor Place, where the unfortunate Amy met her fate. The ruins of this mansion will be found in vol. iv. of the *Mirror*, with Mickle's touching Ballad. The Place is now demolished; but a pond is shown, where the gossips say the body of Amy was thrown. The legend tells that she was actually drowned.

The Lambournes are still inhabitants of the village, and they are said to inherit many of the qualities of the renowned "Michael." The Varneys are quiet, respectable farmers in

the neighbourhood; and our informant thinks the tomb of Amy Robsart is in Cumnor Church, as also that of Varney.

Who among the many thousand readers of the *Waverley Novels*, all over the civilized world, can forget the first glowing pages of *Kenilworth*, where "the scene is laid during the old days of merry England, when the guests of an inn were in some sort not merely the inmates, but the messmates and temporary companions of mine host, who was usually a personage of privileged freedom, comely presence, and good humour. Patronized by him, the characters of the company were placed in ready contrast; and they seldom failed, during the emptying of a six-hooped pot, to throw off reserve, and present themselves to each other, and to their landlord, with the freedom of old acquaintance."

Then comes the richly-drawn portrait of the host, rivalling even the Boniface and Cherry of Congreve. "Cumnor boasted, during the eighteenth of Queen Elizabeth, an excellent inn of the old stamp, conducted, or rather ruled, by Giles Gosling, a man of a goodly person, and of somewhat a round belly, fifty years of age and upwards, moderate in his reckonings, prompt in his pay-

ments, having a cellar of sound liquor, a ready wit, and a pretty daughter. Since the days of old Harry Baillie, of the Tabard, in Southwark, no one had excelled Giles Gosling in the power of pleasing his guests of every description; and so great was his fame, that, to have been in Cumnor without wetting a cup at the bonny Black Bear, would have been to avouch one's self utterly indifferent to reputation as a traveller. A country fellow might as well return from London, without looking in the face of majesty. The men of Cumnor were proud of their host, and their host was proud of his house, his liquor, his daughter, and himself."

May no starvelling beer-shop ever displace the hospitable "Bear and Ragged Staff" of Cumnor.

EXTRACT FROM A NEW YEAR ADDRESS.

Come to my soul, thou Spirit of the Lyre!
'Tis the deep, cloudy midnight; and the wail
Of the cold wind is on its strings of fire,
And on the far hills, rising, dimly pale!
Ah! wake thy murmurs on the troubled gale—
Pour the sad requiem o'er the dying year—
Give to man's thoughtful eye a passing tale
Of days departed, bright as beauty's tear,
Or summer's festal sky, ere autumn clouds draw near!

From the dark sepulchre of years gone by,
A deeply mournful voice is murmuring.
"Where are the dreams of old!—the spirit high
Mounting like eagles on the fearless wing?
Where is the pride of that luxuriant spring,
Which pour'd its light on Rome—on Babylon?
—The wreaths of Time around their temples cling—
Their halls are dust!—the gold of Chaldee won—
Where sails the bitter's wing, when the bright day
is done!

Even thus with the past year;—its morn was
gay—
Sweet flowers were on the earth's green bosom
springing—
And streaming sunlight bless'd the sky of May,
Where early birds their joyous way were winging,
A dream of love to youth's fresh spirit bringing;
And all was gladness o'er the laughing earth!—
To the tall oak the sunny vine was clinging—
And sending echoes, e'en to home and hearth,
The sweet blue streams, set free, pour'd out a voice
of mirth!

Then came the summer's prime—its long, bright
day—
With gariture of wood, and field, and stream—
The golden sun outpour'd his gladdening ray,
And the blue sea danced in his boundless gleam;—
When like a soft, and faint-heard song, would
seem
The cheerful murmur of the drowsy bee,
About the full grown flowers—and like a dream
Spread out for man's blest eye the scene might be,
While a soft, breezy chant, was in the greenwood
tree!

Then frown'd the autumnal cloud; the shrouded
sky
Its multitude of gleams and stars withdrew;
The flowers grew pale; and summer-brooks were
high.

And imaged back no more a heaven of blue;—
No moon smiled out upon the evening dew—
The squirrel's footstep rustled in the glen—
The red leaves fell, and fitful night-winds blew;
And to the bright south-west, away from men,
Far, on their glancing plumes, roam'd the wild birds
again!

But man is changing in the changing year—
Shadows o'er sweep the day-spring of the heart;
When gazing back upon Time's dim career,
He marks youth's cheerful images depart!
Then will lone *Memory* her tales impart
Of early buds, all ashes in the urn—
Mournful and sweet her reveries!—but we start—
And from lost years unto the present turn—
Closing from mind's deep cell, the voiceless thoughts
that burn!

How many dreams have to the dust gone down—
Witness thou fading and departed year!
Since last thy spring unwreathed her flowery
crown—

Lo! gentle forms have lain upon the bier,
Where thoughtful sorrow pour'd the pensive tear!
Genius and beauty gather'd to their rest—
Death, in all climes, is on his way of fear—
His arrow trembles in Youth's budding breast—
Oh! were his power decay'd, how might Earth's
love be bless'd!

WILLIS G. CLARK.—(New York.)

THOUGHTS ON LAUGHTER.

BATCH SECOND.

SHAFTESBURY has a fine-spun essay on the freedom of wit and humour, wherein he defends railery, as "a serious study, to learn and temper and regulate that humour which nature has given us, as a more lenitive remedy against vice, and a kind of specific against superstition and melancholy delusion;" thus, we every day see more persons will be laughed than lectured out of their follies. Shaftesbury too observes, that gravity is the very essence of imposture; but he also remarks: "there is a great difference between seeking how to raise a laugh from every thing, and seeking, in every thing, what justly may be laughed at. For nothing is ridiculous except what is deformed; nor is any thing proof against railery, except what is handsome and just." His corollary from this passage is: "therefore, 'tis the hardest thing in the world to deny fair honesty the use of this weapon, which can never bear an edge against herself, and bears against every thing contrary."

It is now time to leave these air-drawn theories, and turn to the practical details of the subject; to these Steele has paid especial attention, and probably neither of the writers whom we have quoted can strengthen his argument with a greater share of experience. According to the witty essayist, we may range the several kinds of laughers under the following heads:—

The dimplers,	The laughers,	The horse- laughers.
The smilers,	The grinners,	

"The dimple is practised to give a grace to the features, and is frequently made a bait to entangle a gazing lover. This was called by the ancients, the Chian laugh.

"The smile is for the most part confined to the fair sex, and their male retinue. It expresses our satisfaction in a silent sort of approbation, doth not too much disorder the features, and is practised by lovers of the

most elegant address. This tender motion of physiognomy the ancients called the Ionic laugh.

"The laugh among us is the common *risus* of the ancients.

"The grin, by writers of antiquity, is called the Syncrusian; and was then, as it is at this time, made use of to display a beautiful set of teeth.

"The horse-laugh, or the Sardonic, is made use of with great success in all kinds of disputation. The proficients in this kind, by a well-timed augh, will baffle the most solid arguments. This upon all occasions supplies the want of reason, and is always received with great applause in coffee-house disputes; and that side the laugh joins with is generally observed to gain the better of his antagonist." Human nature has altered in so few shades since Steele's time, that his portraits are to be seen every where in our day. Steele has, however, omitted to notice a very numerous class of laughers at their own wit, whom Lavater lashes in the remark that "he who always prefaces his tale with laughter is poisoned between impertinence and folly;" and Cumberland refers to this class in observing that "garrulity, attended with immoderate fits of laughing, is no uncommon case, when the provocation thereunto springs from jokes of a man's own making."

Swift has somewhere explained the anatomical cause of laughter; but no better definition has appeared than that by Abernethy, who explains laughing to be an action of the diaphragm, or muscle dividing the chest from the belly: it consists of a quick succession of short expirations, which, when powerful, combine the motion of the chest and abdominal muscles. Thus, when a jolly fellow laughs, we may see his chest and abdomen move powerfully; and to stay this exhausting action, we see the poet's "laughter holding both his sides."

The cause of laughter, Abernethy explains to be physical and moral: physical, when caused by tickling the soles of the feet, the palms of the hands, the axillæ, or arm-pits, &c., as described by Bacon; yet, Abernethy adds, the cause is not altogether physical, as the effect depends on the tickler; and we can never laugh at some persons, tickle they never so wisely. Some tickling operations on board ship, probably, caused a bay on the coast of Darien to be named, "Tickle me quickly."

The healthiness of laughter has never been disputed, even by the most snarling cynic. Yet we read of its fatal excess in the death of a clergyman's widow, in the year 1782—the good old times. On the Wednesday evening before her death, this lady went to Drury Lane theatre, to see the *Beggars' Opera* travestied, in which Bannister played Polly; and by his grotesque humour threw the lady

into a fit of laughter, succeeded by hysterics which continued until Friday morning, when she expired.

Dr. Radcliffe's cure by laughter may lend a pleasant light to this shadow:—"The doctor was remarkable for his expediency in all extraordinary cases. He was once sent for into the country, to a gentleman who was dangerously ill of a quinsy; and perceiving that no application, external or internal, would be of any service, he desired the lady of the house to order the cook to make a large hasty-pudding; and when it was done, to let his own servants bring it up. While the cook was getting the pudding ready, he took his men aside and instructed them what to do. In a short time up came the pudding, piping hot, and was set upon the table in full view of the patient. 'Come, John and Dick,' said the doctor, 'you love hasty-pudding, eat this as quick as possible, for I believe you both came out this morning without your breakfasts.' Both then commenced operations with their spoons; but John's dipping twice for Dick's ounce, Dick took occasion to quarrel with him, and threw a spoonful of the hot hasty-pudding in his face. This John immediately resented by returning the compliment in nearly a double dose, which almost blinded Dick, and so exasperated him, that he took the pudding by handfuls and pelted his fellow servant, who battled him again in the same manner. The patient, who had been an eye-witness to this hasty rencontre between Radcliffe's men, could not refrain from the most hearty burst of laughter: so much, in fine, was his fancy tickled, that the quinsy burst and discharged its contents. Radcliffe completed the cure; and both the servants were amply rewarded after the joke had had its effect."

Dr. Franklin, who wrote a paper on paying too dear for a whistle, might have spared a line for the expense of a laugh; for one has been known to cost a king four crowns—we mean twenty shillings. Thus Edward II., upon the grave authority of the Antiquarian Repository, is stated to have paid twenty shillings for laughing at the awkwardness of his clerk of the kitchen, who so often fell from his horse in hunting with the king. Although clerk of the kitchen, he would have made but a poor clerk of the course.

As laughing is a characteristic of poetry, so it has been beautifully illustrated by painting and sculpture. The gems of the ancients abound with representations of laughter—as do the pictures of the moderns. Laughing girls, sylphs, and swains are not uncommon among their portraits; yet we are not sure that they are the most successful, for it is easier to catch the hard lines of grief than the radiant joy—the bright flood—of laughter: though, as Dryden oddly remarks—"nothing but nature can give a sin-

cere pleasure: where that is not imitated, 'tis grotesque painting; the fine woman ends in a fishes's tail." Hogarth, probably, from the fact so well expressed by Hume, (that every movement of the theatre by a skilful poet, is communicated by magic to the spectators), was accustomed to sketch laughing faces upon his thumb-nail; and thus he grouped his well-known print of the Laughing Audience, which is a finer illustration than all that has been said or sung upon the subject. Hood attempts something of the kind in one of his Comic Annual prints; but his faces want the heartiness of Hogarth. As nothing is more beautiful than graceful laughter, Sir Thomas Lawrence was accustomed to invite his sitters to dine with him, that he might, unknown to them, catch their best looks during the flow of soul, which he transferred next day to canvass. None but a master-mind could, however, succeed in such a labour.

Laughing to note and measure has employed the genius of great musical composers. Arne's song in Milton's masque of Comus is a splendid example; as is the Laughing Chorus of Weber, in *Der Freischütz*;—both which productions remind us of Steele's "symphony of laughter," and "chorus of conversation."

Artificial laughter is one of the curiosities of chemical philosophy in the last century, and its production is characteristic of the artificial character of our age. The agent is nitrous oxide; or, as it is popularly termed, "laughing gas,"—from its inhalation producing pleasurable excitement, often accompanied by laughter. It is procured from nitrate of ammonia, in a glass retort, over the flame of a lamp, and was discovered by Dr. Priestley, in 1772, but was first accurately investigated by Sir Humphry Davy, in 1779. Sir Humphry having previously closed his nostrils, and exhausted his lungs, breathed four quarts of this gas from and into a silk bag. He at first felt giddy; but in less than half a minute, the respiration being continued, the giddiness diminished, and was succeeded by a sensation analagous to gentle pressure on all the muscles, attended by pleasurable thrilling in the chest and extremities. His sight became dazzled, and his hearing more acute. Towards the last inspiration, the thrilling increased; and at last an irresistible propensity to action was indulged in. He recollected but indistinctly what followed: he knew that his motions were various and violent; but these ceased very soon after respiration. In ten minutes he recovered his natural state of mind; the thrilling having continued longer than the other sensations.

Almost every one who has breathed this gas, has experienced the same effects. On some few it has no effect whatever, and on others

the results are always painful. The experiment cannot be made with impunity, especially by those who are liable to a determination of blood to the head. This is, therefore, a mere scientific bungle—"the counterfeit presentment of humanity;" and we heartily recommend all hypochondriacs to abstain from the trial.

BRITISH ICONOCLASTS.

(From a Correspondent.)

We are apt to refer to the days of the Goths and the Vandals for instances to show how utterly opposed are ignorance and barbarism to science and the fine arts; but we need not turn back to the pages of history beyond the latter part of the year 1833, to prove that Englishmen are at the present *enlightened* period, capable of acts of deliberate spoliation of the sacred remains of antiquity, that would have disgraced even an Attila or an Omar. Some elegant and interesting remains at Athens, which had survived the lapse of ages, and the destroying hands of merciless and savage invaders and robbers, and which were just restored from the protecting bosom of the earth, to adorn the repositories of science and learning, have been saved to afford certain British midshipmen an opportunity of displaying their utter want of taste and capability for appreciating the value of such relics of the splendid labours of antiquity.

An antiquary employed by Otho's government has been for some time clearing away the rubbish which had accumulated in and around the magnificent Parthenon, or Temple of Minerva. In the progress of his labour, he discovered a stone in high preservation, on which were—"Two priests leading two oxen to be sacrificed;" and another, equally well preserved, descriptive of "The Water Carriers." These were exhibited freely to the officers from the English fleet, lying off the coast, who would often visit the excavations; but while one day the artist had left the spot for a short time, a party of midshipmen succeeded in mutilating and destroying the figures on the first-mentioned stone.

The admiral, on the depredation being made known to him, ordered the young men on board their vessel, sentenced them to pay sixty dollars, the expense the antiquary had incurred, and directed that while on that station they should never again quit their own ship. Two other midshipmen being afterwards proved to have defaced a centaur, and stolen the parts broken off, and refusing to own their share in the wanton proceedings, were sent home in disgrace.

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While we are holding up the above disgraceful outrage to the world, let it be also recorded, that the exquisite frieze on the Demosthenes's Lantern, at Athens, was also disfigured by an English midshipman.

Lothbury.

C. R. S.

SONNET TO HOPE.

SWEETER than cooling spring in Arab waste,
To the lone traveller, fainting as he goes;
And sweeter far, than nectar to the taste,
Or to the smell, the fragrance of the rose;
Lovelier than aught that in the garden grows;
Fairer than lilies bath'd in morning dew;
Softer than zephyr, when he gently blows,
Sporting with Halcyon on the billows blue:
So soft, so sweet, so lovely didst thou seem,
Enchantress Hope! to charm my youthful views.
Yet were thy whispers but a passing dream:
A fairy scene, that Fancy's pencil drew,
Like beauteous frost-work in the solar beam,
Where all is evanescent and untrue.

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(To the Editor.)

Your Correspondent *H. S. D.* very properly alludes to a palpable mistake by a former correspondent (*H. B. ANDREWS*), who has certainly taken a wrong view of the subject. It is well known to every schoolboy even, that in the games of the circus, when a gladiator was overthrown, the spectators expressed by means of elevating or compressing the thumb, whether or not the conqueror was to spare the vanquished. Had he not known this, the note in the Delphin Edition to the passage of Juvenal Sat. iii. 36.—

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would have explained the custom—*Conversus retro pollex signum erat occidendi gladiatoris qui succubuerat, &c.*

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Here is the word *sibilat* (*hiss*) at all events, and *plaudo* seems to convey also the act of applause, which was no doubt expressed by clapping. However, as to hissing, *sibilat* is, I should say, conclusive.

GEORGE.

THE REALMS OF AIR.

The realms of air are beautiful
In the fairy light of morn;
When a purple tint is on the clouds,
And the glorious sun is born;

When the flow'rs unclose their sapphire eyes
To greet a heaven as fair,
And the skylark soars with joyful song
Amid the realms of air.

The realms of air are beautiful
When the wings of light unfold,
And the gorgeous monarch of the sky
Displays his crown of gold.
How welcome to the mourner's heart,
Depress'd with grief or care,
Is every sunbeam which illumines
The silent realms of air.

The realms of air are beautiful—
They charm the gazer's sight
When wreaths of crystal stars adorn
The diadem of night;
The moon reveals her silver brow
In cloudless splendour there,
And like a fairy spirit glides
Amid the realms of air.

When sunset fades upon the hills,
And tinges them with fire,
What recollections of the past
Its parting gleams inspire!
The billows sleep in serpent coils,
Or seem awak'd to pray'r,
And hues and forms magnificent
Are blended in the air.

Those viewless halls—the early lost
Received a home therein,
Ere earth destroyed the spirit's bloom,
Or stain'd the heart with sin.
Oh! may the beatific dawn
Soon light this world of care,
And guide us to eternal rest
Amid the realms of air!

C.

ANCIENT ROYAL SIGNET.

In the Hotel Soubise, at Paris, is a document of the date of 1404, to which is appended the public seal of the renowned Welsh prince and warrior, Owen Glyndwr. Casts of both the obverse and reverse, taken by Mr. Doubleday, were exhibited by Sir Henry Ellis, at a meeting of the Society of Antiquaries, on the 12th of December last, together with a cast of Glyndwr's private seal. Until this discovery was made, it was not known, I believe, that this prince had assumed the sovereign style of using the royal signet.

I. P.

THE SEA.

CALM and beautiful art thou,
When the moon is gliding o'er thee,
Like a spirit on the brow
Of heaven suspended—to adore thee.

Playful—when the summer breeze
O'er thy broad expanse is breathing,
With the scatter'd leaves of trees,
Every silver wavelet wreathing.

Like a giant roused from sleep,
When thy billows peel like thunder,
Rending in thy trackless deep,
Oak leviathans asunder.

Such thou art, immortal sea!
Man and earth's sublime dictator!
But the voice which swells from thee
Is the voice of thy Creator!

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Ere earth destroyed the spirit's bloom,
Or stain'd the heart with sin.
Oh! may the beatific dawn
Soon light this world of care,
And guide us to eternal rest
Amid the realms of air!

C.

ANCIENT ROYAL SIGNET.

IN the Hotel Soubise, at Paris, is a document of the date of 1404, to which is appended the public seal of the renowned Welsh prince and warrior, Owen Glyndwr. Casts of both the obverse and reverse, taken by Mr. Doubleday, were exhibited by Sir Henry Ellis, at a meeting of the Society of Antiquaries, on the 12th of December last, together with a cast of Glyndwr's private seal. Until this discovery was made, it was not known, I believe, that this prince had assumed the sovereign style of using the royal signet. I. P.

THE SEA.

CALM and beautiful art thou,
When the moon is gliding o'er thee,
Like a spirit on the brow
Of heaven suspended—to adore thee.

Playful—when the summer breeze
O'er thy broad expanse is breathing,
With the scatter'd leaves of trees,
Every silver wavelet wreathing.

Like a giant roused from sleep,
When thy billows peel like thunder,
Rending in thy trackless deep,
Oak leviathans asunder.

Such thou art, immortal sea!
Man and earth's sublime dictator!
But the voice which swells from thee
Is the voice of thy Creator!

C.

Manners and Customs.

JUS DIVINUM—THIRTIETH OF JANUARY.

MR. COLERIDGE deduces the doctrine of the divine right from the Hebrew scriptures: see his lay sermon. We shall neither attempt to prove it, nor to disprove it, leaving it *in statu quo*, but giving some notices of what others have said upon the subject. We have an expression among us—Prince of the blood—the common acceptance of which does not favour us with the etymology or genealogy of his most gracious majesty THE: the doctrine of *jus divinum* however may, and so that point is settled. When the bill was moved to abolish the episcopal government of the church, one of the advocates for that measure gravely urged—"That archbishops are not *jure divino* is no question; *ergo*, whether archbishops, who are certainly not *jure divino*, should suspend ministers, who are certainly *jure divino*, I leave to you, Mr. Speaker." Upon which the learned SELDEN immediately rose and replied—"That parliaments are not *jure divino* is out of the question; that religion is *jure divino* is past dispute; whether parliaments, which without doubt are not *jure divino*, should meddle with religion, which without doubt is *jure divino*, I leave to you, Mr. Speaker!" Caligula not only fell into the idea of a *jus divinum*, but usurped it all to himself, as of himself.—Standing between Castor and Pollux, he caused himself to be worshipped;—then erected a temple to himself, and instituted priests and sacrifices to his godship. His statue of gold was set up, and peacocks, bustards, turkeys, and pheasants, were daily offered to him.—(Suetonius.)

Some of Alexander's courtiers, expostulating one day on the absurdity of his claim to divinity, he replied—"I know the truth of what you say; but these (pointing to a crowd of Persians), these know no better." The magi of India, according to Arrianus, lib. 7, honestly told Alexander, on his pretensions to divinity, that in every thing he was like other men, except that he took less rest and did more mischief. And the Scythians observed to Alexander—"If thou art a god, thou must do good to men, and not take from them the goods that are their own. Still Alexander had really some pretensions to the *jus divinum*, according to the Jewish historian Josephus, in his following remark upon Alexander. He is speaking of the miraculous passage of the Israelites through the Red Sea. "Nobody," he says, "ought to look upon it as an impossible thing, that men, who lived an innocent and simple life in those first times, should have found a passage through the sea to make their escape, whether it opened of itself, or whether it was by the will of God, since the same thing hap-

pened a long time after to the Macedonians, when they went through the sea of Pamphylia, under the conduct of Alexander, *God being willing to make use of that nation to destroy the Persian empire*, as it is reported by all the historians who wrote the life of that prince. However, I leave to every body the liberty of judging of it as he thinks fit," (lib. 2. sub. fin.) With submission to Josephus, neither Plutarch, nor Alexander himself, mentions this as miraculous, which the latter would have certainly done, if the thought had but struck him. The plain story is, according to Strabo, that Mount climax lies so near the sea of Pamphylia, that it is only parted from it by a narrow way, which one may go a-foot when that sea is calm; but it is covered with water when that sea is rough. Alexander, trusting his good fortune, ordered his army to go through that place, without waiting for the time of year when the waters go off; the soldiers went over, having the water to their bellies; this is all the miracle! We beg Josephus's pardon in decrying his judgment, when comparing the passage through the Red Sea with the passage through the sea of Pamphylia; and he ought to have been the more cautious in abstaining from the parallel, because there was every reason to fear that the Greek philosophers would take advantage of it. So much as to the *jus divinum* of the Macedonian.

Louis XIV. seemed to have had some early impressions of the *jus divinum*; for, talking one day with some noblemen, when he was only eleven years old, of the despotic powers of the emperors of Turkey, the young prince exclaimed—"Ay, this may be called reigning, indeed!" The Marshal d'Estrees, hard by, hearing this, properly observed—"Perhaps your majesty does not know that, during my own time, four of these great emperors have been put to death by the bow-string."

After all, we know of no better illustration of a *jus divinum* than the instance of King James, who used to say that "to scratch that part of the body which itched was a pleasure too great for a subject." We have no doubt his most gracious majesty believed what he said, and at the same time lamented that he could not graciously monopolize all that pleasure.

Montaigne instances a very ungrateful return for the *jus divinum*, in a story, which he remembered to be current when he was a boy, of a neighbouring king, who, having received a blow by the hand of God, swore he would be revenged; and, in order to it, made proclamation that for ten years to come no one should pray to him, or so much as mention him, throughout his dominions. "By which," says he, "we are not so much to take measure of the folly, as the vain glory,

of the nation (Spain) of which this tale was told."

Captain Nicholas Tetterall, through whose means Charles II. was safely conveyed to France, and therefore an auxiliary to the *jus divinum*, or restoration of that monarch, had 100*l.* a year granted to him and his heirs for ever for his loyalty, "*which for a considerable time past has been discontinued!*"—(Pennant's *Dover*.)

Cromwell was termed an usurper; but did not the Court of France go into public mourning on the death of that usurper?

Who can fail to be struck at the peculiar aptitude of Voltaire's reflections (Age of Louis) on the termination of the contest between Charles I. and the parliament of England, when considering the effects of the French revolution. "Charles I., a good father, a good husband, a good master, and an honest man, but an ill-advised monarch, engaged in a civil war, which deprived him of his throne, and occasioned his death on the scaffold, by a revolution that is almost without example. This war for some time prevented England from interfering with the concerns of her neighbours. She lost her consequence with her happiness. Her commerce was interrupted. The other nations of Europe thought her buried under her ruins, till she rose up all on a sudden more formidable than ever." Let us hear Hume: "After many pious consolations and advices, the king, Charles I., gave in charge to the princess Elizabeth to tell the queen, that during the whole course of his life he had never once, even in thought, failed in his fidelity towards her; and that his conjugal tenderness and his life should have an equal duration." Hume, the historian, might have added, that to the influence of a bigotted queen over this uxorious king, the Stuarts owed all their misfortunes.

To celebrate the execution of King Charles I., was instituted the Calf's-head Club. Mr. Brand, editor of *Bourne's Antiquities*, says, "Our bells (at Newcastle) are muffled on the 30th of January, for which I find no precedent." The practice of having a calf's head for dinner on this day, Mr. Brand calls "an inhuman insult offered to the memory of the unhappy Charles;" and adds, "it is unnecessary to observe, that it is equally mean and cowardly to pluck a dead lion by the beard." Political parties, however, for a long time, turned this temporary insult into a custom, like a similar one of eating a gammon of bacon at Easter, which is still kept up in many parts of England, and which was founded on this, viz.—to show their abhorrence to Judaism at their solemn commemoration of our Lord's resurrection."—(*Dubrey's MSS.*)

On the 30th of January, 1730, the anniversary of Charles's martyrdom, Dr. Croxall

preached a sermon before the House of Commons, from the following text: "Take away the wicked from before the king, and his throne shall be established in righteousness." This sermon gave such offence to Sir Robert Walpole, that he prevented the thanks of the house being presented to the preacher. Orator Henley, who then figured away, availed himself of this, and at his next lecture the following motto appeared:—

Away with the wicked before the king,
And away with the wicked behind him;
His throne it will bless
With righteousness,
And we shall know where to find him.

Quin used to say, that every king in Europe would rise with a crick in his neck on this day.—A person disputing with Quin concerning the execution of Charles I., triumphantly asked, "But by what law was he put to death?" Quin replied, "By all the laws he had left them."

Howell wrote some curious lines on the death of Charles I.—they present a pure specimen of the bathos:—

So fell the royal oak by a wild crew
Of mougrel shrubs, which underneath him grew;
So fell the lion by a pack of curs;
So the rose wither'd 'twixt a knot of burs;
So fell the eagle by a swarm of gnats;
So the whale perish'd by a shoal of sprats.

After all, the divine right of beauty is the only one an Englishman ought to acknowledge, and a pretty woman the only tyrant he is not authorized to resist.—(*Junius*.)

THE FEAST OF FOOLS.

SELDEN asserts that the whimsical transpositions of dignity which were common in the sports and pastimes of our ancestors are derived from the ancient Saturnalia, or Feasts of Saturn, when the masters waited upon their servants, who were honoured with mock titles, and permitted to assume the state and deportment of their lords. These fooleries were exceedingly popular long after the establishment of Christianity, and the clergy finding it impossible to repress them, changed the primitive object of devotion; so that the same unhallowed orgies, which had disgraced the worship of a heathen deity, were dedicated, as it was called, to the service of the true God, and sanctioned by the appellation of a Christian institution. To the above class of extravagances belonged the Feast of Fools, in which the most sacred rites and ceremonies of the church were turned into ridicule, and the ecclesiastics themselves participated in the abominable profanations. Of this absurd diversion Strutt gives the following outline: in each of the cathedral churches there was a bishop or an archbishop of fools elected; and, in the churches immediately dependent upon the papal see, a pope of fools. These mock pontiffs had usually a proper suite of ecclesiastics who attended upon them, and

themselves, once more, and respectably in the world.

Religious service is performed daily, at which all the prisoners attend. For this purpose, a church is erected in one of the wards. Instruction in reading, writing, and arithmetic, as well as on subjects of religion and morality, is given to the prisoners of both sexes by an *Instituteur* and *Institutrice*. The Canteens, at which the prisoners are allowed to buy refreshments under strict regulations, are kept by the officers of the establishment; and the profit arising therefrom is reserved for rewards to the industrious and the intelligent. The number of the prisoners, at the time of Dr. Granville's visiting the establishment some years ago, was 1,300, of whom 1,100 were constantly employed in the different manufactories, or in the duties of the prison. The different wards serve to keep separate the prisoners guilty of heinous offences, from those who are committed for misdemeanours only. The women, the children, and those advanced in years, have likewise distinct quarters. For a great number of years this establishment cost annually to government 50,000 florins; but by the present arrangement such expense has been saved. That portion of the building which was last completed cost the sum of 438,247 florins (about 41,000*l.* sterling). There is one great objection to this universal system of prison discipline, which has been obviated, Dr. Granville believes, in the Penitentiary at Millbank, by a judicious selection of prisoners. The objection in question is, that the system has been equally applied as a punishment for the most atrocious crimes, as well as for the most venial offences. Although these several classes are kept separate, and so far the plan is worthy of imitation in all prisons; the knowledge of the fact that the same system of coercion and punishment is adopted for the graver crimes, as well as for those of a lighter cast, disposes those guilty of the latter to, and easily reconciles the former with their criminal habits. Besides which, there is in such a system a *primâ facie* act of injustice. Probably some alteration has taken place in it since, at which the friends of prison discipline would not fail to rejoice.

ANCIENT CITY POET.

"Will you prepare for this masque to night."
SHAKESPEARE.

According to Baker—"It was the custom of the City of London to maintain a poet upon salary, whose business it was to write the masques and other pieces necessary for the public shows of the city, of which the greatest stated one, being that on the Lord Mayor's day; it appearing to have been usual for some one of the twelve Companies (most probably that to which the mayor elect peculiarly belonged) to exhibit some pageant or

slight dramatic entertainment, at their own proper costs and charges, in honour of the day, and of the newly invested sovereign of the city."

The following is a list of some of these pieces: viz.—

London's Triumph—by John Tateham, 1657. This was celebrated the 29th* of October, 1657, in honour of the truly deserving Richard Chiverton, Lord Mayor of London, at the costs and charges of the right worshipful company of Skinners.

London's Glory—represented by Truth, Time, and Fame, in the magnificent triumphs and entertainments of his most sacred majesty Charles II., at Guildhall, the 5th day of July, 1660—by J. Tateham. This was a masque, or interlude, written by this author *ex-officio*, as *City-poet*, on occasion of the entertainment made for King Charles II. by the City, the year of his Restoration.

The Royal Oak—by J. Tateham, 1660, with other various and delightful scenes, presented on the water and the land; celebrated in honour of the deservedly-honoured Sir Richard Brown, Lord Mayor of the city of London, October the 29th, 1660; and performed at the costs and charges of the right worshipful the company of Merchant Tailors.

London's Anniversary Festival—by M. Taubman, 1688. This was performed on Monday, the 29th of October, 1688, for the entertainment of the Right Honourable Sir John Chapman, Knight, Lord Mayor of the city of London; being their great year of Jubilee; with a panegyric upon the restoration of the charter, and a sonnet, provided for the entertainment of the King.

The Triumphs of London—by Elkana Settle, 1692; performed October the 29th, 1692, for the entertainment of the Right Honourable Sir John Fleet, Knight, Lord Mayor of the city of London; set forth at the proper costs and charges of the worshipful company of Grocers.

There were three other *Triumphs of London* by Settle, for the years 1693, 1694, and 1695. To the last was added a new song, upon his Majesty's return. P. T. W.

* Lord Mayor's Day.

The Public Journals.

AUTHENTIC ACCOUNT OF A LATE UNREPORTED MEETING.—THE MEETING OF THE BUILDINGS.

(House and Window Tax.)

A MEETING took place on Tuesday night, in Copenhagen Fields, to take into consideration the house and window tax, as it pressed upon those most affected by it. Several public buildings had declared, at a private meeting, that, as the inhabitants seemed apathetic, it

became imperative on the buildings suffering so much to look to their windows; it was unanimously agreed to call the meeting at night, as the crowded state of the metropolis would render it inconvenient for such large bodies to move in the day. By eleven o'clock, at least five thousand streets and buildings were upon the ground. At a quarter after, the Queen's Head came with the King's Arms; the White Horse came in a cab; Shoe and Leather Lanes on foot; the Blind School unfortunately lost its way in the fog, whilst the Three Tuns were taking a glass together with the Cheshire Cheese at the Glo'ster Coffee House; the Green Dragon and Blue Boar came with the Spotted Dog; the Swan with Two Necks arm-in-arm with the Windmill; the Sun Fire Office, being very old, was carried by the Atlas; the Norwich Union (Life and Fire) came separately, and the Hand in Hand one after another. By twelve o'clock all the principal buildings were present (except the East India House, which said though *itself* in the habit of *going out after tea* it would not do so if others went).

St. Paul's Cathedral was unanimously called to the chair.

The venerable Chairman said there was scarcely a building in London that was not disordered in its *lights* under a paltry pretence of decreasing its *panes*; the very cesspools paid assessed taxes; these evils existed in Bishopsgate-street Within, without comparison; the taxes too were unequally levied; at St. Giles's they did not pay one shilling in the pound.

(A shabby old fellow, who we understood to be St. Giles's Pound, complained of this as personal.)

St. Paul's proceeded: he had reason particularly to complain of his *doom*; he had no peace for the *railing* around him; those only who dwelt at a dancing school could imagine the annoyance of having continually a *ball* over one's head; and it couldn't excite surprise if he (St. Paul's) showed a little *cross* upon it. A tax on light was a heavy calamity, it was equivalent to putting out the eyes of the buildings; it was peculiarly dreadful in his case from the complaints of his neighbours, for the great bell, if unmuffled, would, by its tone, break all the windows in the Churchyard, which, in times of taxation, would make it the most expensive of all the City bells.

("No, no, not of all the City bells," from the Mansion House.)

The Great Bell of St. Paul's was asked whether *he* vouched for this, but said he didn't *know*, he was only *told*.

The Chairman spoke at great length, but in so low a tone as to be frequently inaudible where we stood (close by Highgate Archway); and concluded by proposing an appeal to

Parliament by petition, and to the public through the press.

Smithfield said it would employ some able *pens* for the latter purpose; but represented the anomaly of a petition from the *streets* and *buildings*, being sent to the two *houses*. Why—(said the Market energetically)—why is not "the Commons here?"

The Broadway (Westminster) remarked, the Commons being untaxed was not affected by the question.

Smithfield was astonished to find the Broadway taking this narrow view of the subject. The Commons *was* interested if it wished to preserve its credit or consistency, which it really appeared regardless of in this case. The other House might be excused, as the meeting was not called on the Lord's day. The eloquent Market concluded by negating the proposition of petitioning.

The Old Bailey, on the contrary, was willing to give the thing a *trial*.

The Monument was wholly uninterested in the question; but if an appeal was made to the newspapers, he would supply a *long column*.

Here the meeting was disturbed by a quarrel between the Old and New Post Offices, which was fermented by the Three Cups, the Cross Keys, and Wapping. The Green Man and Still was particularly noisy, and there was much muttering between the Hummums. In the confusion, the Mansion House and Bank left the meeting.

The Jews' Benevolent Society wished the Bank would *stop*. It behoved it, and, indeed, all Threadneedle-street, to have an eye to the proceedings of that evening. He (the Society) was sorry to observe any dissension between the Post Offices: such conduct was derogatory to persons of letters. ("Hear, hear!" from the Office in Gerrard-street.) He could have wished to have seen a larger assembly. One speaker had asked why the Commons did not attend? (A voice answered that *Commons* wouldn't come to *crowded* meetings, as they *dreaded* being *inclosed*.) The Speaker continued. He meant the *House of Commons*. He would ask where were the Bridges—Blackfriars, Waterloo, and Westminster? He excused New London Bridge, which was too young to know any better; and Southwark, which was not a legitimate building.

The Bricklayers' Arms said that was mere irony; it *had* been *built*,—*ergo*, it was a building.

The White Horse couldn't draw such a conclusion. Southwark and the other bridges should have attended.

The Bricklayers' Arms suggested that had the Bridges left their places, he and his eloquent friends, New Bedlam and the Elephant and Castle, couldn't have crossed the water to the meeting. It was time to bestir

Manners and Customs.

JUS DIVINUM—THIRTIETH OF JANUARY.

MR. COLERIDGE deduces the doctrine of the divine right from the Hebrew scriptures: see his lay sermon. We shall neither attempt to prove it, nor to disprove it, leaving it *in statu quo*, but giving some notices of what others have said upon the subject. We have an expression among us—Prince of the blood—the common acceptance of which does not favour us with the etymology or genealogy of his most gracious majesty THE: the doctrine of *jus divinum* however may, and so that point is settled. When the bill was moved to abolish the episcopal government of the church, one of the advocates for that measure gravely urged—"That archbishops are not *jure divino* is no question; *ergo*, whether archbishops, who are certainly not *jure divino*, should suspend ministers, who are certainly *jure divino*, I leave to you, Mr. Speaker." Upon which the learned SELDEN immediately rose and replied—"That parliaments are not *jure divino* is out of the question; that religion is *jure divino* is past dispute; whether parliaments, which without doubt are not *jure divino*, should meddle with religion, which without doubt is *jure divino*, I leave to you, Mr. Speaker!" Caligula not only fell into the idea of a *jus divinum*, but usurped it all to himself, as of himself.—Standing between Castor and Pollux, he caused himself to be worshipped;—then erected a temple to himself, and instituted priests and sacrifices to his godship. His statue of gold was set up, and peacocks, bustards, turkeys, and pheasants, were daily offered to him.—(Suetonius.)

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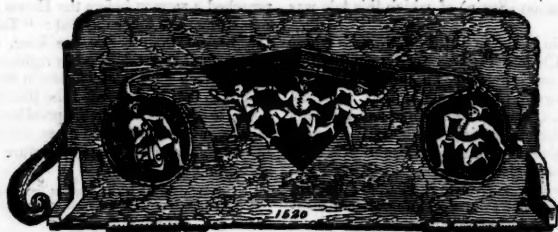
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SELDEN asserts that the whimsical transpositions of dignity which were common in the sports and pastimes of our ancestors are derived from the ancient Saturnalia, or Feasts of Saturn, when the masters waited upon their servants, who were honoured with mock titles, and permitted to assume the state and deportment of their lords. These fooleries were exceedingly popular long after the establishment of Christianity, and the clergy finding it impossible to repress them, changed the primitive object of devotion; so that the same unhallowed orgies, which had disgraced the worship of a heathen deity, were dedicated, as it was called, to the service of the true God, and sanctioned by the appellation of a Christian institution. To the above class of extravagances belonged the Feast of Fools, in which the most sacred rites and ceremonies of the church were turned into ridicule, and the ecclesiastics themselves participated in the abominable profanations. Of this absurd diversion Strutt gives the following outline: in each of the cathedral churches there was a bishop or an archbishop of fools elected; and, in the churches immediately dependent upon the papal see, a pope of fools. These mock pontiffs had usually a proper suite of ecclesiastics who attended upon them, and



(The Feast of Fools, from an old carving.)

assisted at the divine service, most of them attired in ridiculous dresses, resembling pantomimical players and buffoons; they were accompanied by large crowds of the laity, some masked, and others with their faces smutted, to frighten the beholders, or to excite their laughter; and some again assumed the habits of females. During divine service this motley crowd not only sang indecent songs in the choir, but ate, drank, and played at dice upon the altar by the side of the priest who celebrated the mass. After the service they ran riot in all sorts of foolery. Another part of these ridiculous ceremonies was to shave the precentor of fools, upon a stage erected before the church, in the presence of the populace. The bishop, or the pope of fools, performed the divine service habited in the pontifical garments, and gave his benediction to the people before they quitted the church. He was afterwards drawn about the town in an open carriage, attended by a large train of ecclesiastics and laymen, many of the most profligate of the latter assuming clerical habits, in order to give their impious folly the greater effect. These spectacles were always exhibited at Christmas time, or near to it, but not confined to one particular day. It was sometimes on Christmas day, and on the feasts of St. Stephen, St. John, the Innocents, the Circumcision, the Epiphany, &c. When on St. Stephen's day, a burlesque, called the Prose of the Ass, or the Fool's Prose, was sung as part of the mass. It was performed by a double choir, and at intervals, in place of a burden, they imitated the braying of an ass. Upon the festival of St. John they had another arrangement of ludicrous sentences, denominated the Prose of the Ox.

Mr. Douce notes in the *Archæologia*, that our Lord of Misrule took its rise from the Feast of Fools. Mr. Douce has, in his museum, a girdle reported to have been worn by the Abbot of Fools. It consists of thirty-five square pieces of wood, contrived to let into each other, upon which are carved ludicrous and grotesque figures of fools, tumblers, huntmen, animals, &c.

The figures in the subjoined cut will give

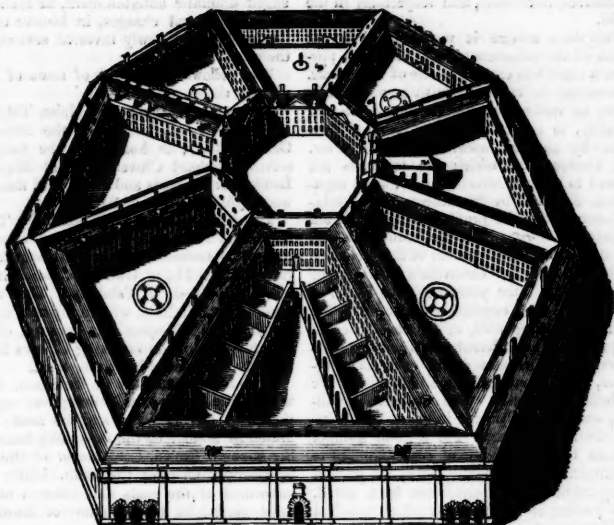
the reader an idea of the vagaries of those who enacted the Feast of Fools. According to Mr. Douce the subject is part of the ceremony. It is copied from a carving in Beverley Minster, date 1520.

WINDOW-LIGHT.

IN the London Corporation Inquiry, a few days since, Mr. Woodthorpe, the Town Clerk, mentioned the following ancient custom of the City, with respect to the taking away of a light (window). If a man had a window in his house looking into an open space, in which there never had been any building in his memory, and that another erected a wall which obstructed the light from that window, the person so erecting it would be justified, if he could show that a building had at any time within the memory of man stood there. All that the party erecting had to do was to get the Recorder to appear in the Court of King's Bench, and (on proof of the fact of the previous building) to plead "the custom of the City of London," and the right of the party erecting the building would be admitted; or, in other words, the action of the party opposing the obstruction would be barred.—*Times Report*.

THE PENITENTIARY AT GHENT.

GHENT (in French, *Gand*—in German, *Gent*) was the ancient capital of Flanders, and is now the chief city of the province of East Flanders. It occupies a great extent of ground, at the confluence of the rivers, Lys, Lievre, and More, with the Scheldt, and is divided by rivers and canals into twenty-six islands, connected by eighty-five bridges. The streets are narrow, intricate, and crooked, such as are common in ancient cities; but Ghent has many recent improvements which must not be overlooked amidst the inconveniences of its antiquity. Among these are the public walks in the suburbs, regularly planted with trees, and running by the side of the rivers and canals. About the middle of one of them, on the north-east side of the town, and on the *Coupure* canal, which has a double row of fine trees, stands the above remarkable build-



(Ghent Penitentiary.)

ing, known as the Central House of Correction, and understood to have furnished the plan of our Penitentiary, at Millbank.

Dr. Granville considers the Ghent Penitentiary especially worthy of the traveller's attention; and, accordingly, he has minutely described this establishment in his *St. Petersburg*, which is certainly one of the best journals of travels in our time. The Doctor inspected the Penitentiary in 1819, accompanied by the governor; since which time many additions have been made to it; and two Latin inscriptions have been placed on the right angle of the building. One of these commemorates the foundation of the house, under the auspices of the Empress Maria Theresa; the other records the part which the King of Holland took in its completion. It now presents a whole, of which the subjoined vignette is an exact plan.

The building is in the form of a perfect octagon, in the centre of which is a spacious court, communicating with the different quadrangles of the establishment: each of these quadrangles has a yard; and in the centre of that of the female quadrangle, or ward, there is a large basin full of water, in which the female prisoners wash the linen of all the rest. Each prisoner sleeps alone in a small cell, a number of which are ranged along a wide and well-lighted corridor. These cells are kept very clean, and are regularly aired every day, as the prisoners quit them early in the morning not to return till night. There are a cer-

tain number of *ateliers*, or workshops, which are occupied the whole day by the prisoners, except on Sundays and during the hours of recreation; on which occasions, the prisoners are expected to walk in the yards of their respective wards. Spinning, weaving, wool-carding, shoe and stocking making by machinery, and other branches of industry, equally useful, are the principal occupations to which all the prisoners are expected to apply themselves daily. To the refractory and the unwilling, solitary confinement in dark cells on the ground floor is assigned, agreeably to the rules of the house. This species of punishment has been found to have the speediest effect. The articles manufactured by the prisoners are generally intended for the army, the navy, and the colonies, or for the general service of the prisoners in the kingdom; and the price of the labour, which is fixed according to a printed scale, is paid to them by the Treasury. Of the total sum, Government retains five-tenths in respect to prisoners condemned to what is called correctional punishment; six-tenths in respect to those condemned *à la reclusion*, or imprisoned under martial law; and seven-tenths in regard to those sentenced to the *travaux forcés*. The remainder is divided into two equal parts;—one of which is allowed to the prisoners weekly for their pocket-money (*zag-geld*), and the other goes to form a fund, which is delivered to the prisoners on their being discharged, in order that they may have the means to settle

themselves, once more, and respectably in the world.

Religious service is performed daily, at which all the prisoners attend. For this purpose, a church is erected in one of the wards. Instruction in reading, writing, and arithmetic, as well as on subjects of religion and morality, is given to the prisoners of both sexes by an *Instituteur* and *Institutrice*. The Canteens, at which the prisoners are allowed to buy refreshments under strict regulations, are kept by the officers of the establishment; and the profit arising therefrom is reserved for rewards to the industrious and the intelligent. The number of the prisoners, at the time of Dr. Granville's visiting the establishment some years ago, was 1,300, of whom 1,100 were constantly employed in the different manufactories, or in the duties of the prison. The different wards serve to keep separate the prisoners guilty of heinous offences, from those who are committed for misdemeanours only. The women, the children, and those advanced in years, have likewise distinct quarters. For a great number of years this establishment cost annually to government 50,000 florins; but by the present arrangement such expense has been saved. That portion of the building which was last completed cost the sum of 438,247 florins (about 41,000*l.* sterling). There is one great objection to this universal system of prison discipline, which has been obviated, Dr. Granville believes, in the Penitentiary at Millbank, by a judicious selection of prisoners. The objection in question is, that the system has been equally applied as a punishment for the most atrocious crimes, as well as for the most venial offences. Although these several classes are kept separate, and so far the plan is worthy of imitation in all prisons; the knowledge of the fact that the same system of coercion and punishment is adopted for the graver crimes, as well as for those of a lighter cast, disposes those guilty of the latter to, and easily reconciles the former with their criminal habits. Besides which, there is in such a system a *primâ facie* act of injustice. Probably some alteration has taken place in it since, at which the friends of prison discipline would not fail to rejoice.

ANCIENT CITY POET.

"Will you prepare for this *masque* to night."

SHAKESPEARE.

ACCORDING to Baker—"It was the custom of the City of London to maintain a poet upon salary, whose business it was to write the masques and other pieces necessary for the public shows of the city, of which the greatest stated one, being that on the Lord Mayor's day; it appearing to have been usual for some one of the twelve Companies (most probably that to which the mayor elect peculiarly belonged) to exhibit some pageant or

slight dramatic entertainment, at their own proper costs and charges, in honour of the day, and of the newly invested sovereign of the city."

The following is a list of some of these pieces: viz.—

London's Triumph—by John Tateham, 1657. This was celebrated the 29th* of October, 1657, in honour of the truly deserving Richard Chiverton, Lord Mayor of London, at the costs and charges of the right worshipful company of Skinners.

London's Glory—represented by Truth, Time, and Fame, in the magnificent triumphs and entertainments of his most sacred majesty Charles II., at Guildhall, the 5th day of July, 1660—by J. Tateham. This was a masque, or interlude, written by this author *ex-officio*, as *City-poet*, on occasion of the entertainment made for King Charles II. by the City, the year of his Restoration.

The Royal Oak—by J. Tateham, 1660, with other various and delightful scenes, presented on the water and the land; celebrated in honour of the deservedly-honoured Sir Richard Brown, Lord Mayor of the city of London, October the 29th, 1660; and performed at the costs and charges of the right worshipful the company of Merchant Tailors.

London's Anniversary Festival—by M. Taubman, 1688. This was performed on Monday, the 29th of October, 1688, for the entertainment of the Right Honourable Sir John Chapman, Knight, Lord Mayor of the city of London; being their great year of Jubilee; with a panegyric upon the restoration of the charter, and a sonnet, provided for the entertainment of the King.

The Triumphs of London—by Elkana Settle, 1692; performed October the 29th, 1692, for the entertainment of the Right Honourable Sir John Fleet, Knight, Lord Mayor of the city of London; set forth at the proper costs and charges of the worshipful company of Grocers.

There were three other *Triumphs of London* by Settle, for the years 1693, 1694, and 1695. To the last was added a new song, upon his Majesty's return. P. T. W.

* Lord Mayor's Day.

The Public Journals.

AUTHENTIC ACCOUNT OF A LATE UNREPORTED MEETING.—THE MEETING OF THE BUILDINGS.

(House and Window Tax.)

A MEETING took place on Tuesday night, in Copenhagen Fields, to take into consideration the house and window tax, as it pressed upon those most affected by it. Several public buildings had declared, at a private meeting, that, as the inhabitants seemed apathetic, it

became imperative on the buildings suffering so much to look to their windows; it was unanimously agreed to call the meeting at night, as the crowded state of the metropolis would render it inconvenient for such large bodies to move in the day. By eleven o'clock, at least five thousand streets and buildings were upon the ground. At a quarter after, the Queen's Head came with the King's Arms; the White Horse came in a cab; Shoe and Leather Lanes on foot; the Blind School unfortunately lost its way in the fog, whilst the Three Tuns were taking a glass together with the Cheshire Cheese at the Gloster Coffee House; the Green Dragon and Blue Boar came with the Spotted Dog; the Swan with Two Necks arm-in-arm with the Windmill; the Sun Fire Office, being very old, was carried by the Atlas; the Norwich Union (Life and Fire) came separately, and the Hand in Hand one after another. By twelve o'clock all the principal buildings were present (except the East India House, which said though *itself* in the habit of *going out after tea* it would not do so if others went).

St. Paul's Cathedral was unanimously called to the chair.

The venerable Chairman said there was scarcely a building in London that was not disordered in its *lights* under a paltry pretence of decreasing its *panes*; the very cess-pools paid assessed taxes; these evils existed in Bishopsgate-street Within, without comparison; the taxes too were unequally levied; at St. Giles's they did not pay one shilling in the pound.

(A shabby old fellow, who we understood to be St. Giles's Pound, complained of this as personal.)

St. Paul's proceeded: he had reason particularly to complain of his *doom*; he had no peace for the *raiding* around him; those only who dwelt at a dancing school could imagine the annoyance of having continually a *ball* over one's head; and it couldn't excite surprise if he (St. Paul's) showed a little *cross* upon it. A tax on light was a heavy calamity, it was equivalent to putting out the eyes of the buildings; it was peculiarly dreadful in his case from the complaints of his neighbours, for the great bell, if unmuffled, would, by its tone, break all the windows in the Churchyard, which, in times of taxation, would make it the most expensive of all the City bells.

("No, no, not of all the *City bells*," from the Mansion House.)

The Great Bell of St. Paul's was asked whether *he* vouched for this, but said he didn't *know*, he was only *told*.

The Chairman spoke at great length, but in so low a tone as to be frequently inaudible where we stood (close by Highgate Archway); and concluded by proposing an appeal to

Parliament by petition, and to the public through the press.

Smithfield said it would employ some able *pens* for the latter purpose; but represented the anomaly of a petition from the *streets* and *buildings*, being sent to the two *houses*. Why—(said the Market energetically)—why is not "the Commons here?"

The Broadway (Westminster) remarked, the Commons being untaxed was not affected by the question.

Smithfield was astonished to find the Broadway taking this narrow view of the subject. The Commons *was* interested if it wished to preserve its credit or consistency, which it really appeared regardless of in this case. The other House might be excused, as the meeting was not called on the Lord's day. The eloquent Market concluded by negating the proposition of petitioning.

The Old Bailey, on the contrary, was willing to give the thing a *trial*.

The Monument was wholly uninterested in the question; but if an appeal was made to the newspapers, he would supply a *long column*.

Here the meeting was disturbed by a quarrel between the Old and New Post Offices, which was fermented by the Three Cups, the Cross Keys, and Wapping. The Green Man and Still was particularly noisy, and there was much muttering between the Hummums. In the confusion, the Mansion House and Bank left the meeting.

The Jews' Benevolent Society wished the Bank would *stop*. It behaved it, and, indeed, all Threadneedle-street, to have an eye to the proceedings of that evening. He (the Society) was sorry to observe any dissension between the Post Offices: such conduct was derogatory to persons of letters. ("Hear, hear!" from the Office in Gerrard-street.) He could have wished to have seen a larger assembly. One speaker had asked why the Commons did not attend? (A voice answered that *Commons* wouldn't come to *crowded* meetings, as they *dreaded* being *inclosed*.) The Speaker continued. He meant the *House* of Commons. He would ask where were the Bridges—Blackfriars, Waterloo, and Westminster? He excused New London Bridge, which was too young to know any better; and Southwark, which was not a legitimate building.

The Bricklayers' Arms said that was mere irony; it had been *built*,—*ergo*, it was a building.

The White Horse couldn't draw such a conclusion. Southwark and the other bridges should have attended.

The Bricklayers' Arms suggested that had the Bridges left their places, he and his eloquent friends, New Bedlam and the Elephant and Castle, couldn't have crossed the water to the meeting. It was time to bestir

when the windows were vanishing before the innovating hands of the bricklayer and tiler.

"What Tiler?" from Smithfield, who had been talking to the East India Docks.

"If," resumed the Bricklayers' Arms, "the tax continues, we shall be reduced to the Cimmeric darkness of a primitive state; the gloom of bricked-up windows will make the metropolis resemble 'Lethe's dismal strand.'"

The Strand and Pickett Place rose at the same instant. St. Paul's said the latter caught his eye first: however, the Strand proceeded. He complained of the ungentlemanly allusion of the Bricklayers' Arms. The term "dismal strand" was exceedingly inapplicable, when so much had been lately done in the way of improvement that he (the Strand) actually didn't know himself. It was true, Exeter 'Change had been removed; but an arcade for a menagerie made the change no loss. Cateaton-street complained of the destruction of the *Mews*, (King's Mews,) and it might make the *quondam* village of Charing *cross*; but St. Martin's Church would bear testimony to the utility of that alteration. All the neighbourhood concurred in the improvements. ("No, no!" from the lower part of St. Martin's-lane; on which Northumberland House said he would conclude for the Strand. St. Martin's Lane—"You say so now; but the lion has a different tale.")

When the confusion had subsided, a wretched-looking foreigner (in old Italian garments, which had evidently *once* been gorgeous) stepped forward. As well as we could understand, for he spoke English very imperfectly, he described himself as a refugee of the name of Herculeaneum; said he could speak as to a deprivation of light, having been nearly 2000 years underground. ("Question, question." Was it by taxation?) "No, by lava," which was an intolerable burthen, and so was the tax. (Hisses, during which the old gentleman requested the Hercules (Leadenhall-street) to intercede for him, but the learned Coach Office denied all knowledge of Herculeaneum; he had no such name in his books.)

A question arose as to who should report the meeting. Johnson's Court (Fleet-street) offered his services; but the Temple said there was a *bar* to Fleet-street. Paternoster-row suggested the author of *Lights and Shadows*; but it was ultimately settled that the report should be made by Cannon-street.

On the question of drawing up the petition, the Inner Temple offered his *gratuitous* services. (Bravo from Chancery-lane. "I wish you may get it," from Furnival's Inn.)

Lincoln's Inn Old Square said, the flippancy of Furnival's Inn (a mere boy) was unworthy of reply. The venerable parent of the present Furnival's Inn, whom many must

recollect with awe and adoration. (Hear! hear! from Staple and Barnard's Inn); that venerable building never descended to ribaldry. The offer of the Inner Temple was *peculiarly* liberal. ("Werry pekooliar," was here *whistled* by Furnival's Inn; a disturbance ensued, and the Opera House knocked Furnival's Inn down. "Bravo," from the Ancient Concert Rooms.) Many had offered their services to prepare the petition. The Elephant said, he could *draw* anything; the offer from Drury Lane and Covent Garden he treated as ridiculous, as it was well known they had long ceased to *draw* altogether; it could not be in better hands, for the Temple had itself existed in very dark ages.

The Late Equitable Loan Office spoke in favour of *pledges*; and, after a short speech from Long Acre, the resolutions were passed.

Aldgate Pump moved a vote of thanks to the Chairman for his impartial conduct. (Carried.)

St. Paul's returned thanks in a neat speech, and the meeting broke up.

[We are truly sorry to add that much confusion occurred in returning. The Adelphi behaved in a most unbrotherly manner to the theatre of that name. Petticoat-lane got tipsy with Holywell-street (the latter, by the by, said his home was in a street near the Strand, yet he didn't know *which* street!) Smithfield, being dreadfully intoxicated, talked in a very revolutionary manner. Skinner-street kindly undertook to see the Market safe, as far as the corner of King-street (alias Cow-lane), then Long-lane took charge of it (Smithfield), but ultimately left it and ran into Barbican and Aldersgate. St. Paul's School missed its way, and got to Birch-lane. The Wheat-sheaf wandered to Cornhill; and Old St. James's Palace was so frolicsome that he said he "didn't care whether he got home or not," and actually talked of an excursion to Windsor and Brighton. By six o'clock, however, all were at home and in their proper places, with the exception of the English Opera House, which has not yet appeared, and considerable doubts are entertained whether it will ever be seen again.]—*New Monthly Magazine.*

LORD BYRON.

(From a Narrative of a Voyage from Leghorn to Cephalonia, with Lord Byron. By James Hamilton Bruce, Esq. in Blackwood's Magazine.)

My first personal introduction to Lord Byron took place at Leghorn, on board of the Hercules, which vessel he had caused to be chartered at Genoa, for the purpose of conveying himself and suite to the Ionian Islands, or, perhaps, direct to Greece.

He had kindly promised to touch off the port and take me on board, it being understood between us, that if he did not intend to communicate with Leghorn, certain signals

should be displayed, when I was to lose no time in joining him.

I was accompanied to the ship, riding at anchor in the Roads, by Messrs. Jackson and Lloyd, who departed immediately after seeing me safe on board, as I was apprehensive that Lord Byron might have conceived that they had come for the purpose of catching a glimpse of him. He put to me some interrogatory relative to them, regretting that I had hurried them off. On my informing him that the former gentleman was son to the Rev. Dr. Jackson—who, so unfortunately for his family, rashly engaged in the Irish Rebellion, and would have suffered the death of a traitor; only escaping so disgraceful an end, by having anticipated the sentence of the law, in terminating his existence by poison, conveyed to him, it was alleged, by his lady, a very high-spirited woman, who afterwards, with her family, retired to France, where Bonaparte conferred a small pension on her—Lord Byron appeared quite conversant with the particulars of this unhappy affair, and said he should have felt a great interest in conversing with young Jackson.

His Lordship's mode of address was peculiarly fascinating and insinuating—"au premier abord" it was next to impossible for a stranger to refrain from liking him.

The contour of his countenance was noble and striking; the forehead, particularly so, was nearly white as alabaster. His delicately formed features were cast rather in an effeminate mould, but their soft expression was in some degree relieved by the mustaches of a light chestnut, and small tuft "*à la housard*," which he at that time sported. His eyes were rather prominent and full, of a dark blue, having that melting character which I have frequently observed in females, said to be a proof of extreme sensibility. The texture of his skin was so fine and transparent, that the blue veins, rising like small threads around his temples, were clearly discernible. All who ever saw Byron have borne testimony to the irresistible sweetness of his smile, which was generally, however, succeeded by a sudden pouting of the lips, such as is practised sometimes by a pretty coquette, or by a spoiled child. His hair was partially grizzled, but curled naturally. In conversation, owing to a habit he had contracted of clenching his teeth close together, it was sometimes difficult to comprehend him distinctly; towards the conclusion of a sentence, the syllables rolled in his mouth, and became a sort of indistinct murmur.

It must have been almost impossible, I apprehend, for any artist to seize fully the expression of Byron's countenance, which was varying at every moment, as different ideas suggested themselves to his powerful mind. I have never seen any likeness that

conveyed to me a perfect resemblance of his Lordship, with the exception of a marble bust, which was in the drawing-room of the late Honourable Douglas Kinnaird, executed, I think, by Thorwaldson. It struck me as being very like him.

Lord Byron was habited in a round nankeen embroidered jacket, white Marseilles vest, buttoned a very little way up; he wore extremely fine linen, and his shirt collar was thrown over in such a way as almost to uncover his neck; very long wide nankeen trousers, fastened below, short buff laced boots, and sometimes gaiters, with a chip Tuscan straw hat, completed his personal equipment. He invariably paid the most scrupulous attention to cleanliness, and had a certain fastidiousness in his dress, strongly savouring of dandyism, of which he was far from disapproving; at least he infinitely preferred it to a slovenly disregard for dress. His Lordship, who had just dined, instantly ordered some hock and claret to be brought under the awning where he was sitting, which he invited me to partake of. Whilst discussing our wine, he plied me with questions relative to the Ionian Islands, and my opinion with regard to the posture of affairs in Greece; frequently observing that he did not imagine that he could render any essential service to the cause, but that as the Committee seemed to think otherwise, he was going thither in obedience to their commands. He then, as we could not avoid discerning both Corsica and Elba from the deck, changed the conversation to the subject of the life of Napoleon, exclaiming that he had been wofully deceived in his estimate of the character of that wonderful man; repeating the pain and mortification which he endured whenever he chanced to glance his eye on either of these islands, as they recalled to his recollection the humbling conviction of the weakness of human nature. "I at one period," he said, "almost idolized that man, although I could not approve of many of his actions: regarding other potentates as mere pigmies when weighed in the balance against him. When his fortune deserted him, and all appeared lost, he ought at once to have rushed into the thick of the fight at Leipzig or Waterloo, and nobly perished, instead of dying by inches in confinement, and affording to the world the degrading spectacle of his petty bilious contentions with the governors to whose custody he was confided at St. Helena. Even if he had maintained a dignified silence amid the persecutions to which in his latter days he complained of being subjected, I could almost have forgiven him; yet this man's fame will descend to, and be revered by posterity, when that of numbers more deserving of immortality shall have ceased to be remembered."

Byron had just received communications

from Moore and Goethe; he read to me the letter of the former, who, he said, was the most humorous and witty of all his correspondents. He appeared to estimate, at its just value, the flattering and distinguished homage rendered to his inimitable poetic talent by the veteran German Bard, who, with the most profuse and enthusiastic eulogiums, panegyrized the wonderful productions of his genius.

Lord Byron expressed the extreme regret which he experienced at not being able to return the compliment by a perusal of Goethe's works in their native garb, instead of through the cold medium of a translation; but nothing, he said, would induce him to learn the language of the Barbarians, by which epithet he constantly designated the Austrians.

On my arrival on board, the majority of Lord Byron's suite were on shore, but the wind coming fair, they returned towards the afternoon, when the anchor was weighed, and we made sail, every one assisting at the capstan and ropes, no one being more active than Byron himself. I had been but a short time on board until I perceived that the others, instead of addressing him with a prolonged emphasis on the first syllable of his name, pronounced it short, as if it had been "Byrne," that of Byron seeming distasteful to him, so I adopted the same.

His suite consisted of Count Pietro Gamba, brother to his *chère amie*; Mr. Edward Trelawny; a young man who had been engaged as his medical attendant, named Bruno, who was a native of Alessandria Della Paglia; a Constantinopolitan Greek, calling himself Prince Schilizzi, and a Greek Captain, Vitali. He had, besides, five domestics, and the same number of horses, together with a Newfoundland and a bull dog; so that our small vessel, which did not much exceed a hundred tons burden, was sufficiently crowded. On the passage to Cephalonia, Byron chiefly read the writings of Dean Swift, taking occasional notes, with the view possibly of gleanings from that humorous writer something towards a future Canto of *Don Juan*. He also made it a constant rule to peruse every day one or more of the Essays of Montaigne. This practice, he said, he had pursued for a long time; adding his decided conviction, that more useful general knowledge and varied information were to be derived by an intimate acquaintance with the writings of that diverting author, than by a long and continuous course of study. This was relieved sometimes by dipping into Voltaire's *Essai sur les Mœurs*, and his *Dictionnaire Philosophique*—*De Grimm's Correspondence*, and *Les Maximes de Rochefoucault*, were also frequently referred to by his Lordship; all, I should say, as connected with the composition of *Don Juan*, in which he was then deeply engaged.

A heavy tome on the War of Independence in South America, written by a *soi-disant* Colonel, named Hippisley, I think, who had taken service with Bolivar, as an officer of cavalry, but quickly retired in disgust, on not finding port wine and beef-steaks to be always procurable in the other hemisphere, (at least good fare seemed to him an indispensable requisite in campaigning,) was invariably asked for by Byron at dinner, and at length, Fletcher, his valet, brought it regularly with the table-cloth. Its soporific qualities, he amusingly remarked, were truly astonishing, surpassing those of any ordinary narcotic; the perusal of a few pages sufficed to lull him asleep, and obtained him a comfortable siesta, even when ill disposed, or in bad humour with himself.

Dinner was the only regular meal which he partook of in the twenty-four hours. He usually ate it by himself on deck. His diet was very singular, and, in my opinion, almost nothing could have been devised more prejudicial to health in the intense heat of summer, under a blazing Italian sun. It consisted of a considerable quantity of decayed Cheshire cheese, with pickled cucumbers or red cabbage, which he quaffed down by drinking at the same time either a bottle of cider or Burton ale, of which articles he had procured a supply at Genoa. He sometimes drank an infusion of strong tea, but ate nothing with it but a small piece of biscuit; and occasionally his fare at dinner was varied by a little fish, if we succeeded in taking any. When he returned on deck after the siesta, he joined us in drinking wines or other liquors, displaying sometimes the most overflowing spirits; but in the midst of the greatest hilarity and enjoyment, I have observed this jovial mood to be suddenly checked. A cloud would instantaneously come over him, as if arising from some painful and appalling recollection; the tears would bedew his eyes, when he would arise and quit the company, averting his face, in order to conceal his emotion. This strange conduct was probably the effect of reaction from over excitement, in a mind so exquisitely susceptible; at least I have heard it thus accounted for.

I considered Byron to be strongly imbued with a certain religious feeling, although chary of acknowledging it. No one, he said, could be so senseless a brute as to deny the existence of a First Cause, and an omnipotent and incomprehensible Being, whose omnipresence all around us sufficiently evinced. He frequently expressed considerable anxiety about attaching himself to some particular creed, as any fixed belief would, he thought, be preferable to the continued state of uncertainty in which he had hitherto existed. He declared his ready openness to conviction, if the truth could only be rendered

evident to his understanding. His glowing and fervent imagination, I feel inclined to believe, would sooner or later have impelled him to attach himself to some particular, and, very possibly, extreme sect.

For the religious tenets or prejudices of others, he invariably testified the most profound respect—professing to entertain much regard for those who were truly and conscientiously devout, believing such individuals to enjoy great worldly felicity. On the contrary, no man more than Byron ridiculed and detested the cant and hypocrisy which are so much in vogue in our times. He spoke frequently of the insane pursuits of mankind, and our limited intelligence, dwelling at some length on a remark once made to him by the late Sir Humphry Davy, with respect to the nothingness of all human intellect, when it engages in the ever endless task of endeavouring to explore or solve the hidden and impenetrable mysteries of nature.

Lord Byron adverted, on many occasions, sometimes in a state of the most bitter excitement, to the unfortunate infirmity of his foot, and the extreme pain and misery it had been productive of to him. He once uttered a very savage observation on his lameness, declaring, that years before he would have caused the recreant limb to be amputated, had he not dreaded thereby to spoil an exercise in which he more especially excelled and delighted.

His Lordship had the strongest aversion to walking, and always performed even the most trivial distance on horseback; from a wish, I apprehend, to conceal as much as possible the slight halt in his gait. The habit of not using pedestrian exercise, without doubt, would contribute in no small degree to increase that tendency to obesity to which he was by constitution inclined; and to counteract which, he adopted the pernicious system of continually drugging himself. This early impaired his digestive organs, although they could not fail to have been also injured by his mode of living and singular diet.

In the use of the pistol, Lord Byron was exceedingly dexterous, and prided himself much on this trivial accomplishment, which, by constant practice, may easily be attained by any person possessed of a calculating eye and steady nerves. In this, as everything else, he wished to carry off the palm; and if he made a shot which he thought could not be surpassed, he declined to share farther in the pastime of that day; and if a bad one, he did not attempt to improve it, but instantly gave up the contest. His nerves were a good deal shattered; and from his firing so well even with that disadvantage, it was evident that, when younger, his aim must have been most unerring.

Trelawny was also an excellent shot; and

his Lordship and he occasionally used to kill the ducks for the cabin dinner in this way—a wicker basket was suspended from the main-yard of the mast, containing a poor duck, with his head protruding through it. I have known both of them, from the poop, to kill the bird by hitting its head at the first fire. Lord Byron possessed several cases of excellent pistols; among others, a brace which had been the private property of his old friend, Joe Manton; and I was told he never grudged any expense in procuring those of superior workmanship. He frequently conversed about his former feats of skill at that celebrated maker's pistol gallery in London. He also boasted of having, about the time of his marriage, much to the amazement and discomfiture of Lady Noel, split a walking-stick in the garden at Seaham House, at the distance of twenty paces.

His lordship was within an ace of losing his life during one of these firing-matches on board. Schilizzi, who was unacquainted with the guard on English hair triggers, inadvertently discharged a pistol, the ball from which whizzed close past Lord Byron's temple. He betrayed no tremour, but taking the pistol out of Schilizzi's hand, pointed out to him the mechanism of the lock, and at the same time desired Gamba to take care, that in future he should not be permitted to use any other pistols than those of Italian workmanship.

Lord Byron and Trelawny also often bathed from the ship's side in calm weather; neither of them betrayed any apprehension from sharks, which, however, are by no means of rare occurrence in the Mediterranean, as I remember, in 1817, having been told by a young midshipman, named Hay, then at Corfu, in a sloop of war, that when he was almost in the very act of leaping from the bowsprit of the vessel, which was riding at anchor between that town and the island of Vido, one of these ravenous monsters of the deep was descried close alongside, and an alarm given just in time to prevent him.

The Gatherer.

Resources of Great Britain.—To carry on the commerce of this country with foreign nations and between distant parts of the United Kingdom, there are 20,000 ships in constant employ belonging to our own merchants. To carry on the commerce with ourselves, the total length of our turnpike roads is 25,000 miles, and 3,000 miles of canals. To produce food for the inhabitants of the country, we have 40,000,000 acres under cultivation. To clothe them we have millions of spindles worked by steam, instead of a few thousands turned by hand as they were a century ago. The fixed capital of the country insured in fire offices, that insurance

being far short of its real amount, is above 500,000,000*l.* sterling. The fixed capital uninsured, or not represented by this species of insurance, is perhaps as much. The capital expended in improvement in land, is, we should conceive, equal to the capital which is represented by houses, and furniture, and shipping, and stocks of goods. The public capital of the country expended in roads, canals, docks, harbours, and buildings, is equal to, at least, half the private capital. All this capital is the accumulated labour of two thousand years, when the civilization of the country first began. The greater portion of it is the accumulated labour of the last four hundred years, when labour and capital, through the partial abolition of slavery, first began to work together with freedom, and therefore with energy and skill.—*Rights of Industry.*

Childermas, or Holy Innocents' Day. Dec. 28, was, in the calendar of superstition, of most unlucky omen. On this day, none ever married, it was not lucky to put on new clothes, &c. and the coronation of Edward IV. was put off till the Monday, because the preceding Sunday was Childermas Day. To the poor children it was indeed unlucky, for they were whipped on Childermas morning, that the memory of Herod's murder of the Innocents might stick the closer, and in a moderate proportion to act over the cruelty again in kind. But we hope "the School-master" has whipped such follies out of our happy country.

Real Tragedy.—The history of Sweden records a very extraordinary incident, which took place at the representation of the Mystery of the Passion, under King John II., in 1513. The actor who performed the part of Longinus, the soldier, who was to pierce the Christ on the cross in the side, was so transported with the spirit of his action, that he really killed the man who personated our Lord; who, falling suddenly, and with great violence, overthrew the actress who represented the holy mother. King John, who was present at this spectacle, was so enraged against Longinus, that he leaped on the stage and struck off his head. The spectators, who had been delighted with the too violent actor, became infuriated against their king, fell upon him in a throng, and killed him. W. G. C.

Removal of Great Weights.—Is it not ridiculous that, in spite of our knowledge of the mechanical powers, nations in a semi-barbarous state should perform with ease and alacrity what our engineers fail to do? The famous gun Malik-e-meidan, or Lord of the Field, at Bejapore, 14 feet 9 inches in length, with a bore of the diameter of 2 feet 5 inches, and 14 inches thickness of metal, was originally cast at Ahmednugger, 150 miles from

where it now lies, on one of the bastions of the wall of Bejapore, yet the project of transporting it to England was, on account of its size and weight, given up in despair, as was also the case with the great gun at Agra, which has lately been blown to pieces. A large party of sailors and labourers were employed for a fortnight at Rangoon, in Burma, in transporting the great bell attached to the famous temple a distance of a few yards to the river, in the middle of which they managed to deposit it, instead of in a brig as was intended. Despairing of success, it was delivered over to the Burmese, who, in the course of three days, raised it from the bed of the river to its former situation in the temple.—*Mechanic's Magazine.*

Seeing's Believing.—The celebrated Boyle mentions a gentleman, who, during a distemper he had in his eyes, had his organs of sight to be so sensible, that when he waked in the night, he could, for awhile, plainly see and distinguish colours and other objects; and the same author gives an instance of another person, who, after getting half-fuddled with claret, if he waked in the night, could see for some time to read moderately-sized print.

Grimaldi tells us, that some women of Megara were able, by their eyes alone, to distinguish between eggs laid by black hens and those by white ones.

In the *Philosophical Transactions*, No. 312, there is an account of Dan. Fraser, who continued deaf and dumb from his birth to the 17th year of his age; when, upon recovering from a fever, he perceived an uneasy motion in his brain; after which he began to hear, and, by degrees, to speak.—P. T. W.

Curious Proverb.—

"The calf, the goose, the bee;
The world is ruled by these three."

Meaning—Parchment, pens, and wax.

P. T. W.

THE account of the recent opening of a Mummy, at the College of Surgeons, (with additions,) in our next.

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